# THE MAID OF MARTINDALE.

Printed and ſold at 21, Eaſt Smithfield.

IN Martindale, a villiage gay,
A damſel deigns to dwell,
Whoſe looks are like the ſummer day,
Whoſe charms no tongue can tell,
Where'er I meet her on the way,
I tell my am'rous tale,
Then heave a ſigh or ſoftly ſay,
Sweet Maid of Martindale.

This nymph has numbers in her train,
From Hodge up to the Squire.
A conqueſt makes of ev'ry ſwain,
All gaze and all admire;
Then where's the hope, alas! for me,
That I ſhould e'er prevail,
Yet while I breathe I'll think on thee,
Sweet maid of Martindale.

Should fate propitious be my lot,
To call the charmer mine,
I'd live content in lonely cot,
All pompous thoughts reſign,
But if ſhe ſcorns each heart felt ſigh,
And leaves me to bewail,
For thee my fair, for thee I'll die,
Sweet maid of Martindale.